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In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been reduced in price from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

Eliot, Hampden, and Pym; or, a Reply of "the Author of a Book" entitled, "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First," to "the Author of a Book" entitled, "Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times." London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

It appears, from the confessions of a venerable contemporary, that the public do not expect him to "enter into the various points at issue between this ingenious writer and his noble antagonist," but will be content to leave the reputation of these great men, whose fame is the best birthright and inheritance of Englishmen, to be scorned and trampled on, so the critic permit them, through an "illustrative extract," to witness a little of the gladiatorial display of the combatants. The readers of the *Athenæum* are not, we trust, of such an amiable indifference.

Under the imposing title of 'Eliot, Hampden, and Pym,' Mr. D'Israeli has thought it necessary to make a reply to the animadversions on his 'Commentaries,' contained in a late work by Lord Nugent; and we shall occupy a short space with a few facts, that may serve, with impartial men, to countervail the dangerous imputations it is calculated to convey, (and from its accessible shape, to convey so extensively) against the characters and motives of the illustrious men whose names are prefixed to its pages. We entertain much respect for Mr. D'Israeli's writings, and for the interesting literary researches to which he has so unremittently devoted himself;—but, on some particulars, we must take leave to tell him, he suffers the doubts of the historical inquirer to be solved by violent prejudices and passions, and partialities to suborn integrity. The present is one of them. It is unnecessary to say, that we disclaim all partizanship, either for or against Lord Nugent, who seems, indeed, on the whole, to have been deficient in courtesy to the author of the 'Commentaries.' Our only object is to clear away doubts which would make liberty itself distrusted, and to free the characters of some of the great founders of English freedom from imputations which go far to assail the foundations on which freedom itself is built.

What does Mr. D'Israeli mean by saying that, "before he wrote, the name of Sir John Eliot was as a blank in our history," and that all that was recorded of this eminent character was the "vigorous eloquence of his speeches against the minister"? What! did the reputation of Eliot only extend so far? Was he not known, before the appearance of the 'Commentaries,' as one of the greatest

men of his time: as one who could speak against corruption unconnected with a particular minister: as one who had raised among the people high and elevated notions of their liberties,—who, on three several occasions, preferred imprisonment to dishonourable freedom,—and, at last, offered himself up as a sacrifice to arbitrary power, rather than let the privilege of parliament be surrendered in his person? Surely all this was known—and more. Even the abominable story, to which Mr. D'Israeli still adheres with such obstinate pertinacity, was published long before his volume; and we can only smile at his forgetfulness in saying, "I ascertained that Eliot had been the companion in the travels of the minister he impeached"—when we recollect that Echard published this upwards of a hundred years ago. It is true that he may claim the merit of having first published the letters which describe the affecting details of Eliot's heroic fortitude in the last hours of his imprisonment, when his petitions for healthy air were rejected with scorn; but we must remind him, that Dr. Birch discovered, and had arranged those letters, amongst others, for publication; and that May had told us on that subject all it seemed necessary to know, in saying that "Eliot died by the harshness of his imprisonment, which would admit of no relaxation, though for health's sake: he petitioned for it often, and his physician gave testimony for the same purport, but in vain."

Frequent allusion has been made of late years to a painful incident in Sir John Eliot's life. While yet very young, and in a moment of passionate dispute with a Mr. Moyle, he drew his sword and wounded him. Advantage was taken of this rash conduct to fix on the patriot a charge of treacherous murder. This came from Echard, a violent political enemy, and was adopted by D'Israeli. Lord Nugent fortunately is able to discriminate between acts of hasty passion and of deliberate murder. He admits the former, and calls the charge of the latter "a preposterous calumny." But Mr. D'Israeli knows no distinction between these, and, on that admission, tries to convict Lord Nugent of self-contradiction. To what deplorable inconsistencies are men driven who undertake to defend a bad cause! For, look to the contradictions of Mr. D'Israeli. On the re-assertion of this charge in his 'Commentaries,' a paper was handed to him written by Sir John Eliot, which might have served to explain this unfortunate matter. It was an "apology" addressed to Mr. Moyle for the "greate injury" he had done him:—it was the atonement which, with the characteristic impulse of a generous mind, Eliot had hastened to offer for an unpremeditated wrong. What said Mr. D'Israeli to this?—"Oh! this is all very true—this apology was

accepted; but the treacherous blow was struck, nevertheless, in the hour of reconciliation!" and he refers to Echard. But he forgets that even that historian fails in bearing him out, and that the words "greate injury" in the apology, could never have applied to what Echard calls the "slight occasion" of their previous "grudge." "I would not," says the author of this pamphlet, "have implicitly adopted the tale on the telling of Echard. That historian received it from the learned Dean Prideaux, and published it during the lifetime of the Dean—a circumstance which is itself confirmatory of the incident." I do not stop to smile with the reader at the last inconsequential assertion, but we appeal to Echard himself, who does not distinctly bear its author out in resting on the undeniable authority of a reverend dean; for he leaves it doubtful from whom he received it, by saying, that the story was told "to Dr. Prideaux, and other relations, from whom I had this particular account."—Certainly we expected to hear nothing further of these gross insinuations, after the publication of Lord Nugent, who offers testimony to prove that the wound was given in a fit of hasty passion, after some irritating words: yet, in the face of all this, Mr. D'Israeli chooses to persist in dark insinuations—strives to prove that there were no words—hints that the blow must therefore have been treacherous,—and, driven from the ground of direct charge, deals in insidious questions: "Would the father, in his narrative, often repeated, have omitted some notice of the intemperate discussion, the prelude of this terrible explosion of passion? Was there, then, no previous discussion?" &c. &c.—thus clinging to the slander with a pertinacity nothing can relax, though he had said in his volumes, that he "could not imagine, that, after such a revolting incident, any approximation to a renewal of intercourse would have been possible"—and Lord Nugent offers him proof undeniable, (and which he does not attempt to deny,) that Moyle and Eliot were corresponding in the most friendly way many years afterwards.

The next charge in which Mr. D'Israeli persists in this pamphlet, is that of Eliot's being a complimentary admirer of the Duke of Buckingham, in 1623, and of attacking him bitterly from his place in the House of Commons in 1625—accounting, therefore, for his public patriotism, by suggesting private and interested motives. Let the reader pause before he allows such suggestions to influence his judgment. They rest on no better authority than the last. The facts on which they are founded are easily accounted for, without "dimming the glory" of a great patriot—an offence of which Mr. D'Israeli seems proud. During his travels on the Continent, in early youth, Eliot met Buck-

ingham, then plain George Villiers, a private gentleman, remarkable only for his bold address and sprightliness of temper. As might have been expected from the similarity of their years, and the gaiety of their dispositions, an intimacy ensued; and the year 1618, which marked the rapid rise of Villiers to the station of Lord High Admiral, saw Eliot knighted and made Vice Admiral of Devonshire. The duties of this office were attended with much trouble, and seem to have involved its possessor in difficulties, about which we find him writing to the Lord Admiral in 1623. This letter is preserved in the "Cabala," and on it Mr. D'Israeli principally grounds his charge. I request the reader to notice, however, that it is Mr. D'Israeli's ingenuity alone that would give its expressions of duty a *personal* turn, and that, in reality, they relate only to his *official* conduct. Taken in that sense, (and in no other can it plausibly be taken,) the letter is in the mere courteous style of the day, and is rather expostulatory than otherwise. Be it remembered, also, that at the time it was addressed to Buckingham, that wily favourite was deeply engaged in keeping up a deceitful appearance with the parliament, and, by forging false statements, had prevailed on them to approve of his conduct. He had not yet wholly thrown aside the mask, or burst out the determined oppressor of the people, steeling the King against their just demands, and laughing at the spirit of resistance which had shown itself in the Commons. When that day came, Eliot stood forward in the great position of a public leader, who knew but too well that in the power of the pampered minister was involved the great question of the existence of his country's liberties. These are the facts, and this their true construction. Ever afterwards he challenged public view into his character and conduct: he took his stand openly, and in the face of his countrymen—no insinuations met him:—before the King, in the House of Lords—before the weak and timid Speaker of the House of Commons—before the Council-board, to which he had been dragged—and in the prison, of which he was thrice a lonely inhabitant, and wherein at last he died,—in all places, and before all authorities, he maintained the ancient privileges of Englishmen. After the death of Buckingham, the cringing divine, Williams, in vain endeavoured to bring him over to the King; and the historian, Rapin, tells us that "When Sir John Eliot was tampered with, he was found proof against all temptations." Let posterity see, then, that violence be not done to the fair memory of this illustrious person. In concluding this part of the subject, we have only space to remark, that Mr. D'Israeli, while professing to instruct Lord Nugent, seems to have committed an odd mistake in his pamphlet, by himself misquoting the source from which the letter about Eliot's property was derived. We believe that the letter alluded to is *not* in the Harleian MSS., number 7000, but must have been copied from Dr. Birch's collection. It is one of Mead's letters.

We shall dispose more summarily of Mr. D'Israeli's charge in this pamphlet, against Hampden and Pym, which are easily disproved by means of information in the possession of all. Readers will be greatly amused by the ingenious way in which the author

strives to maintain, that Hampden refused to pay ship-money, out of pique at a certain magistrate, his neighbour—who, it appears, used to vent his spleen in a Diary, where (we are told on the authority of a person unknown, who once glanced over this memorable manuscript, since vanished,) the sulky fellow had written an account of Hampden lifting his whip at him, and sundry other indignities. Then we are favoured with an attempt to prove that Hampden's patriotism was insurrection, which is inferred and stoutly maintained, on the ground of 4000 men having come up to London from his native county, on the monstrous occasion of his attempted arrest in the house, to petition for his release; and who, in the opinion of the author, must have been *incited* by the patriot himself. Lord Nugent had stated in answer to this, the simple and satisfactory proof, that he could not have done so, as he then lay concealed, guarded by the citizens against Charles. This, however, does not satisfy the scrupulous "commentator", who, boldly declaring that to him "the fact stands on the solid ground of historical evidence," adduces, by way of historical evidence, some political squibs of the time!—written—as all of them were—without regard to decency and truth; and with an impudent effrontery nothing could abash. And why—the reader asks—is all this fuss made about a petition?—Simply because Clarendon, for reasons too well known, took on himself to say, that, from the day of its presentation, war had been begun against the King. His followers and disciples, as a matter of course, reiterate the cry, and attempt to convert the patriot Hampden into an insurgent. As if anything could be more natural than that the inhabitants of Buckinghamshire (in which county, even before ship-money, Hampden was of the greatest repute,) should hasten to London with a petition, on seeing their beloved countryman oppressed with unheard of violence, and their only solid hope, in the wisdom and patriotism of their representative, cut off by his imprisonment. Of that part of the pamphlet, which relates to the patriot's alleged visit to Scotland, we shall say nothing, believing the author to be right, and Lord Nugent wrong, and thinking, at the same time, that those visits redound to Hampden's credit, and are a strong testimony to his energetic and determined zeal in the popular cause. We have only to protest, in leaving this part of the subject, against Mr. D'Israeli's monstrous assertion, that Clarendon and Hume are to be considered the "solemn arbiters of the fate of Hampden." Thank heaven, his actions have not been lost, nor their record kept in vain! His life—and that which De Staël has said gives its great interest to life, his death—was for us and ours. Freedom of speech and freedom of person—the security of our household hearths—these are the arbiters of the fate of Hampden; so long as these remain, there will be faith in what is good, and blessings for those who have planted for us the seeds of happiness and freedom.

We now come to the last charge aimed by Mr. D'Israeli at the popular cause, through the side of one of its best supporters—John Pym—who has largely divided with his illustrious friends what must be called the honour of Mr. D'Israeli's reproaches. It is a grateful thing to consider, however, that no hurt can

ensue to the fame of that illustrious individual, from the vague and monstrous charges adduced against him, on authorities which can only provoke laughter;—though it is difficult to suppress indignation at the conduct of him who dares openly adduce them. This "immoveable author of the Commentaries," still persists in attempting to fix on Pym the abominable charge of having taken a heavy bribe from the French minister, saying, that it rests on "other authority" than that of Clarendon, who, in giving the story himself, discredits it. Whose authority, then? the reader asks—and is referred to sources the most profligate and corrupt, choaked up with lies and filth—the political squibs of the day! And those are the evidences of the historian! In vain is Mr. D'Israeli met with the fact undeniable, that that great patriot had taken so little care for his worldly interest, as, with a vast fund at his disposal, to die (shortly after, being charged with receiving this heavy bribe,) so poor, that his debts were paid by the country. The commentator easily disposes of this, by assuring us, on authority as immaculate as the former—namely, political panders in the shape of squibs,—that he indulged in the most profligate expenditure, and in the most dissolute habits. Votes of the House of Commons, heaping honours on their great leader, are as nothing compared to the historical evidence of a lampoon; and we are told to trust rather to the rhyme of a filthy satire, than to the solemnly recorded decision of the House of Commons, that all such charges were false and malicious, and scandalous—which was the result of an investigation which Pym had solemnly demanded, on a trifling charge having accidentally reached his ear. As to the charge again raked up by Mr. D'Israeli, of Pym's having intrigued for place, why does he attempt to throw a false colour on that transaction? The simple fact, as stated by Clarendon, rather reflects honour on the patriot. Place was offered to him, under his patriotic friend, the Earl of Bedford: he would not accept it—conscious though he was, that it would enable him the more effectually to serve his country—except on the stipulation, that the change should not be partial, but complete; and he was, as Clarendon says, "not very solicitous to take his promotion, before some other accommodations were provided for some of the rest of his chief companions." In the meantime Bedford died, and the negotiations were thrown up. Clarendon thinks, "it is a great pity, that this intrigue for preferments was not fully executed, that the King might have had some able men to have advised or assisted him;"—and we leave the reader to compare even the statements of that partial, though eminent person, with those of Mr. D'Israeli. On the last charge hurled against the patriot, of having established, during the last year of his life, "a reign of terror" in London, let the reader only appeal to impartial records—they will tell him of the arduous duties that able man had to sustain in that stormy and untoward year,—when to his sleepless vigilance alone the popular cause owed its ascendancy in the senate, while it waned in the field. They will tell him, too, that the statesman, whom Mr. D'Israeli eloquently compares to "a French Lieutenant of Police," was beloved by the citizens whom we are told he persecuted—that, when he spoke among them, he was "so highly ad-

mired, that, at the end of every period, the acclamations were so loud that he was often silenced." He will learn further, that this popularity only suffered, at least from the lowest of the rabble, who could not bear patiently the privations attendant on the measures which Pym's high duties imposed on him. The eminent and illustrious man only suffered then, because he would not march along with popular passion, or abandon his exalted sentiments of concern for the happiness of mankind, to further the little individual interests of the time. In conclusion, we can only afford to pity him who seeks to prove, that "baffled and mortified ambition" must have been the cause of the death of a man, who, during his latter years, labouring—as we learn from contemporary documents—"from three of the clock in the morning to the evening, and from evening to midnight"—sunk at last, under the wearying exertions, which for fifty years he had so devoted to the service of the commonwealth.

We are now content to leave the characters of those great men to the truest test—the records of their actions and suffering. They are of the "stuff that can never die;" and Mr. D'Israeli may rest assured, that his doubts and insinuations will find no permanent resting-place in the minds of men, until the day shall have arrived which is to see liberty itself reviled, as a thing disgusting.

Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American Poet. Edited by Washington Irving.

[Second Notice.]

It remains for us, upon the present occasion, to make selections from this pleasant volume; and our own difficulty is, how to give such variety, in our limited space, as shall do justice to the genius of the writer. The following is, in our judgment, beautiful; and not the less so, that the fruit bears with it the fragrance of its native clime.

The Indian Girl's Lament.

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:—
I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.
It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.
'Twas I the brooded mœn made,
That shod thee for that distant land;
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.
With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.
Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.
Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.
And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.

Another favourite with us, is the address

To the Evening Wind.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice—thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day—
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue wave till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!
Nor I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast island, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade—go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!
Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.
The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee: thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go: but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

The following is of a higher tone, and, is perhaps finer, than either of the preceding:—

To the Past.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbending reign.
Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sultriness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.
Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age, that draws us to the ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.
Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.
My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.
In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back, nor to the broken heart.
In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.
Labours of good to man,
Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,—
Love that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and filtered not in death.
Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered—
With thee are silent fate,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.
Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;—
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth, to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.
They have not perished—no!
Kind words—remembered voices, once so sweet—
Smiles, radiant long ago—
And features, the great soul's apparent seat—
All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

With one other pleasant, joyous trifle, and our hearty commendation of the volume, we must conclude.

The Gladness of Nature.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep-blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps in his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles,
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—No. XXVII.
Italian Republics; or, the Origin, Progress, and Fall of Italian Freedom. By J. C. L. De Sismondi. London, 1832. Longman, & Co.

THIS belongs to a class of publications which should be watched more narrowly than any other, by those who have the good of literature, and the cultivation of the public mind at heart. Such abstracts of history are meant for the many, who have not time to study and investigate, and for the young, who are unable to sift multitudinous facts, and follow the historian in his reasonings and deductions. They are meant, indeed, for the great bulk of society; and if unsound principles are permitted to pass in them, it matters little, for the real interests of the commonwealth, how ably executed may be the larger works, whose readers are the studious and the idle. Abridgments of history are of the same importance to the reading English of the present day, as were the ballads of the people to their ruder ancestors. They enter imperceptibly into the formation of our character and opinions, and act, through these, even upon our public institutions and political destinies.

We have little objection to the work now before us, on the score of principle, and none at all on that of talent; but still, we doubt if it will answer the purpose intended, of giving a popular idea of Italian history. The question of Dr. Lardner to the author—"Would it be possible to comprise the history of the Italian Republics in a single volume?" should have been answered in the negative, since it related to an English publication. In this country, too little is known of the subject, to make it understood by means of hints. Few English readers will be able to follow, with the same glance, the

destinies of more than two hundred petty states, mingling and struggling, in so small a compass. At the same time, we readily admit, that, to a good Italian scholar, the volume will be invaluable, were it only as an index to the great work of Sismondi.

The early part, in which the author describes, in a few masterly pages, the clearing of the chaos, which followed the destruction of the Roman empire, and the gradual rise of the modern Italian nation, is to us the most interesting. Even here, however, we think, he has been in some measure misled by the instinctive affection which a writer is apt to conceive for his subject. Italy, Mr. Sismondi, in common with some other writers, makes the centre, from which knowledge and civilization radiated over the rest of Europe in the middle ages. This, in our opinion, is not philosophically true. Italy was merely the great field of combat and robbery for the French, Germans, Spaniards, and other people, more or less barbarous; and all history shows the natural process of improvement, which takes place on simple collision among the races of mankind. The civilization of Italy itself was made by barbarism; and the Goth, the Lombard, the Frank, and the German, were the fathers of the modern Italian. The very same process took place all over Europe, which Sismondi describes as applying peculiarly to Italy. First came the inroads of the barbarians and the enslavement of the people—then the introduction of the feudal system—then the walling of cities and the establishment of communes—then the enfranchisement of the serfs by the nobles who needed them as soldiers. Then chivalry arose, with its fantastic honour and barbarous refinement; till, crumbling in turn, in the course of years it fertilized the earth with its dust, from whence sprung liberty and civilization.

But, in addition to the natural instincts, common to all nations, the Italians, it must be confessed, had a finer stimulus in their ancient recollections, which still survived in history and monuments. Its effect, however, was the greatest upon those poetical temperaments which are unfit to withstand the "shock of men." The account of Cola di Rienzo, the dreaming restorer of the Roman empire, speaks eloquently on the subject, and we should certainly have made our extracts from this part of the work, but that the history of Rienzo is become comparatively familiar to the English reader, since the publication of Miss Mitford's tragedy drew attention to the subject.

The following example of the passionate attachment of the Venetians to their country, is interesting:—

"Jacopo Foscari, the son of the doge, was accused, in 1445, of having received money from the duke of Milan. The informer was a Florentine exile of bad repute: nevertheless, as it was the rule of Venice to act upon every suspicion, however slight, in matters concerning the safety of the state, the son of the doge was put to the torture. His sufferings forced from him an avowal; and he was condemned to exile. A confession thus extorted leaves the guilt of the accused uncertain, while the barbarous means by which such evidence is obtained places beyond doubt the criminality of the judges. Jacopo Foscari was, probably, as guiltless on this occasion as he was five years later, when he was again tortured and condemned. One of the judges who presided at his first trial

was assassinated in 1450, and it was suspected that the murderer was an emissary of Jacopo. Jacopo was accordingly declared guilty, and the period of his exile prolonged. His innocence, however, was soon afterwards proved, the assassination having been acknowledged by another person, who declared that Jacopo had no share in the murder. On receiving the news of this disclosure, the son of the doge, in exile at Canea, entreated his judges to allow him to return to Venice. He preserved for a country, where he had twice been put to the torture, and twice branded with infamy, the passionate attachment so characteristic of the Venetians. He had only one wish, one hope,—that of carrying back to Venice his bones broken by the executioner, and dying beside his aged father, his mother, his wife, and children, on the spot which had given him birth. Unable to soften his judges, he wrote to beg the duke of Milan to intercede for him: the letter was intercepted, and transferred to the council of ten. He declared, that this was what he expected; that he wished to awaken fresh suspicion, as the only means of being restored to home. He was brought back to Venice as he desired. His third criminal prosecution began, like the two others, with torture; and it was at this terrible price that he purchased the happiness of once more embracing his parents, wife, and children. He was again sent back to die at Canea." 242-43.

We shall add an account of the punishment inflicted on a foreign general in the service of Venice, for being guilty of losing a battle:

"The senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms,—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers,—further observed that of governing with extreme rigour those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them: they supposed them ever disposed to treachery; and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The senate joined to this rigour the perfidy and mystery which characterize an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence: he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April, 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him in pomp to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the senate, was placed in the chair of honour: he was pressed to speak; and his discourse applauded. The day began to close: lights were not yet called for; and the general could no longer distinguish the faces of those who surrounded him; when suddenly the *shirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture,—rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and his answers to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May, 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out,—his mouth gagged to prevent any protestation of innocence,—and placed between the two columns on the square of St. Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror." 218-19.

The following amusements of a Duke of

Milan, equal anything we read of in the history of the ancient Emperors:—

"All that Gian Maria Visconti preserved of sovereign power was an unbounded indulgence in every vice. His libertinism would hardly have been remarked; he was chiefly signalized by the frightful pleasure which he sought in the practice of cruelty. He was passionately devoted to the chase; but such sports soon failed to quench his thirst for cruelty. The tortures inflicted on mute animals, not finding expression by speech, did not come up to his ferocious ideas of enjoyment. He therefore resolved to substitute men for brute animals; and caused all the criminals condemned by the tribunals to be given up to him as objects of this inhuman sport. He had his hounds fed with human flesh, in order to render them more ferocious in tearing the victims; and, when ordinary convicts were scarce, he denounced to the tribunals even the crimes in which he had participated, to obtain the condemnation of his accomplices: after which he delivered them to his huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, charged with providing for the ducal chase. He was at last, on the 16th of May, 1412, assassinated by some Milanese nobles." p. 201-2.

With these short extracts, taken almost at random, we shall close our notice of a work, which is decidedly one of the best, in a series of publications, that as yet, from some cause or other, has produced (as a series) only surprise and disappointment.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVII.

The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. V.

[Second Notice.]

Our former hasty notice ended with Copley, and we come now to Mortimer. His introduction to royal favour was a singular one, and we doubt whether prudence would recommend the same course to a young painter. He, says Mr. Cunningham, painted the state-coach of George III. so successfully, that "the people who crowded to see the young sovereign, bestowed equal attention on the Battle of Agincourt, painted on the carriage." The King was so pleased, that he caused the panel to be taken out and preserved, and, greatly to his honour, afterwards extended his patronage to Mortimer:—with many kings and painters, this carriage would have proved a mis-carriage. Poor Mortimer, we are told, like a bad good Samaritan, was apt to mix wine with his oil, and when allowed a day's fishing, to indulge in an angle that was far from a right angle:—

"He was employed by Lord Melbourne to paint a ceiling at his seat of Brockett Hall, Herts; and taking advantage of permission to angle in the fish-pond, he rose from a carousal at midnight, and seeking a net, and calling on an assistant painter for help, dragged the preserve, and left the whole fish gasping on the bank in rows. Nor was this the worst: when reproved mildly, and with smiles, by Lady Melbourne, he had the audacity to declare, that her beauty had so bewitched him he knew not what he was about." p. 193.

Raeburn was a sort of Scottish Lawrence. An early incident in the life of the young artist, is pleasantly told:—

"Sitters began to wax numerous. One day a young lady presented herself at his studio, and desired to sit for her portrait: he instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when, with his sketch-book in his hand, he was noting down fine snatches of sce-

ner; and as the appearance of anything living and lovely gives an additional charm to a landscape, the painter, like Gainsborough in similar circumstances, had admitted her readily, into his drawing. This circumstance, it is said, had had its influence: on farther acquaintance, he found that, besides personal charms, she had sensibility and wit: his respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait. The lady, Ann Edgar, the daughter of Peter Edgar, Esquire, of Bridgelands, was much pleased with the skill and likewise with the manners of the artist; and within a month or so after the adventure of the studio she gave him her hand in marriage; bestowing at once a most affectionate wife and a handsome fortune. This was in the twenty-second year of his age." 211-12.

Availing himself of this good fortune, the painter determined on visiting Italy—on his return to Edinburgh, he soon eclipsed all his former rivals, and the ample walls of his gallery were graced with the best and brightest faces of Caledonia. Amongst these, was a portrait of Sir Walter Scott—and it appears, that Molyneux, the famous black boxer, though he could not floor Cribb, was able to knock down the great Unknown:—

"The resemblance was great; and the picture excited so much attention at the London Exhibition, that an engraver was tempted to speculate upon a mezzotint print from it. The success of this attempt was told me by the artist in these words, on the day the print was published:—'The thing is damned, sir—gone—sunk: nothing could be more unfortunate: when I put up my Scott for sale, another man put up his Molyneux. You know the taste of our London beer-suckers: one black bruiser is worth one thousand bright poets; the African sells in thousands, and the Caledonian won't move;—a dead loss, sir—gone, damned; won't do.' " p. 225-6.

There is one objection pleasantly urged against Raeburn's mode of proceeding, in which we heartily concur. He stuck his eminent sitters on an eminence—"he hoisted people up when they sat to him, on a high platform, which always shortens the features, and gives a pigeon-hole view of the nostrils." We remember the late Wm. Hazlitt made a similar complaint against a living artist. He could bear to be drawn, he said, but did not like to be mounted.

A brief summary of the character and pursuits of Raeburn, is worth extracting:—

"Raeburn was an adventurer in experiments both by water and land. He had considerable skill in gardening. He was a learned and enthusiastic florist, and to the mysteries of hot-houses and flues, &c., he dedicated many experiments. To his love for maritime architecture we have more than once alluded. He made many models with his own hands,—neat, clean-built, ingenious things, all about three feet long in the keel; and it was his pleasure to try their merits frequently in Wariston Pond. On one occasion, not long before his death, he had pushed his model from the side, where the water was deep; and on stretching out his hands to adjust a rope, he fell forward in the pond, and Cameron his servant rescued him with difficulty. I must not omit that he was one of those sanguine experimentalists who imagine there is an undiscovered power called the Perpetual Motion; and to a search for this he devoted in vain many an evening hour. To conclude, Raeburn was a scientific and skilful angler, and went often a trouting in his native streams: he loved to refresh his eyes, too, with the sight of nature, and inclined to wander by himself on the banks of brooks, and by the

wooded hill. He loved to make long excursions among the distant glens and romantic woods of his native land, and sometimes did not return for weeks: his son Henry, on such occasions, accompanied him. Sketches of landscapes for his back-grounds were the offspring of those summer rambles." p. 234-5.

The memoir of Hoppner is brief, but lively, pleasant, and full of graphic touches. One anecdote is characteristic. This artist had much of the well-bred courtliness of Lawrence—but Sir Thomas wore it like a skin, and Hoppner could throw it off with his coat at a country wake:—

"He and Edridge and two other artists once went into the country; quartered themselves at an inn where the ale was good; and as a fair was held in the neighbourhood, they walked out about sunset, when merriment begins, and mingled in the crowd. There was much din and drollery. Hoppner addressed his companions: 'Listen: you have always seen me in good company, and playing the courtier, and in fine took me for a damned well-bred fellow, and genteel withal. A mistake, I assure you I love low company, and am a bit of a ready-made blackguard,—see!' He gave his coat a queer pull; his neckcloth a twitch; knocked his hat awry; and putting on a face of indescribable devilry, started into the midst of a mob of reeling rustics, and in a moment was 'hail fellow, well met!' with the wildest of them. But rough gambols and homespun wit seemed not enough for his new character; he edged himself into a quarrel with a brawny waggoner, and had a capital set-to with the fists, in which the latter, though a powerful boor and withal a practised boxer, was roughly handled. He gave his antagonist half-a-guinea, set his hat and neckcloth right, and retired amid the applause of the crowd." p. 249-50.

The following sketch of his character is brief and good, and therefore we extract it:—

"Those who merely consider Hoppner as a limner of men and women's heads, who dashed them off at a few sittings, pocketed the price, replenished his palette, and prepared himself for any new comer, do his memory injustice. He was a fine free-spirited manly fellow, overflowing with wit and humour, inconsiderate in speech, open-hearted, and as well acquainted with the poetry and history of his native country as the most gifted of her sons. The fame of his conversational powers survives among his companions. He was considered one of the best-informed painters of his time; and in the company of the learned, not less than among the gay and the noble of that day, he was easy and unembarrassed. Amongst his brethren of the easel, he was still more at home, and made himself welcome by his ready wit and various knowledge. It was sometimes his pleasure, in the midst of a serious discussion, to start aside into the whimsical or the humorous; and, in the midst of boisterous mirth, he would as suddenly return to seriousness. Few could be quite sure when they had his sympathy; except, indeed, in the hour when it was really wanted—for then it failed not." p. 248-9.

The life of Owen afforded little material to the biographer. He rose to eminence, by dint of merit, and brushed the heads which Lawrence, Hoppner, and Beechey, had not time for.

Harlow's course ran rougher—for he did some things in oil, and others in vinegar. He was for some time a pupil of Lawrence's, but could not cordially make his vanity humble itself to authority:—

"In the portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, Lawrence had introduced a Newfoundland dog, painted with such skill as brought praises in

showers; and Harlow, who had at least drawn the animal in dead-colour, fancied that some of the drops of approbation might have fallen on him. Had his share been greater than this, as it perhaps was, still he could never have been justified in claiming it as his own work, or in intruding on the Angersteins, and repeating his accusation. 'All that Sir Thomas Lawrence did, in a case,' says one of his biographers, 'which would have justified strong resentment, was to say to him, 'As the animal you claim is among the best things I ever painted, of course you have no need of farther instructions from me. You must leave my house immediately.' Harlow did this without hesitation, and he repaired to the Queen's Head at Epsom; where his style of living having incurred a bill which he could not discharge, he proposed, like Morland under similar circumstances, to paint a sign-board in liquidation of his score. This was accepted—he painted both sides: the one presented a front view of her Majesty, in a sort of clever dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's style; the other represented the back view of the Queen's person, as if looking into the sign-board; and underneath was painted, 'T. L., Greek Street, Soho.' When Sir Thomas met him, he addressed him with, 'I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom; and if you were not a scoundrel, I would kick you from one end of the street to the other.'—'There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, for the street is very long,' replied Harlow, unabashed, but moving out of reach of the threatened vengeance. Such is the current story; but there must be some error either in the facts or their date. Harlow was but a youth eighteen years old when he left Lawrence, and too young therefore for a man's resentment; neither had his conduct, a mere trickery slip, been such as to call forth fierce language in a person habitually so cautious and guarded as Lawrence. On the other hand, had Harlow arrived at manhood when it happened, he would not have allowed the 'scoundrel' and 'perfidy' to pass with impunity. However all this may have been, the pupil quarrelled with Lawrence, and resolving to be master of his own movements in future, commenced working for himself." p. 278-9.

The following is so much to the honour of Fuseli, that we quote it—and recommend the Professor's sentence most earnestly to the consideration of all dealers in blacking-balls:—

"The youthful aspirant who despised all regular studies, and who quarrelled with Lawrence, was not likely to be a successful candidate for the honours of the Royal Academy. Accordingly, on his offering himself for the rank of Associate, there was but one vote in his favour; and when Fuseli was accused of having bestowed the solitary suffrage, he vindicated himself by saying, 'I voted for the talent—not for the man!'" p. 280-1.

Harlow's first work of public note was the 'Hubert and Prince Arthur,'—and the historian of the decline and fall of historical painting, Mr. Haydon, will no doubt thank Mr. Cunningham very heartily for the following little story, and the commentary. The 'Hubert' was painted for a Mr. Leader, and too many fathers and mothers have followed this leader in their patronage of art:—

"The force of character and splendour of colours, had more influence with the public than with the proprietor, who liked his historical effort so little, that he had it exchanged for portraits of his daughters. We have no wish to be sarcastic upon the amiable vanity of one, who prefers his own children to the heroes of history. Taste which arises from domestic affection deserves to be cherished; and if we may estimate private happiness from the mul-

titude of portraits of the nameless and unknown, our own nation enjoys more fireside tranquillity than any other in the universe." p. 282.

We have not yet touched on the life of Bonington, and may therefore once again return to the volume.

Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Critical Poem. By Nicholas Michell, London, 1832. Kidd.

YESTERDAY, as we chanced to pass along Regent Street, we saw a rather good-looking young man pacing to and fro before No. 228; at first, we thought him a poet, whose last and best poem had been just rejected by the remorseless and ungentle Mr. Kidd; but, a man who carried a placard before him, and moved as he moved, stood as he stood, threw some light upon the matter, for on his board was written in red,

I walk not vizarded, and dare confront
Those who may chide at plainly spoken truth;
I'm not a Dardan Hector, given to vaunt—
Yet I'll not shrink, but calmly keep the field.

Vide Living Poets and Poetesses, 110-111.

The truth instantly flashed on us; this was the great satiric poet, Nicholas Michell; and here, like a paladin of old, he was abiding the hostility of all the sons of song and ballad, whose wrath his bitter and biting poem might chance to rouse. Ah, said we, here is "this right valiant Cornish man," ready to do battle with the whole host of false enchanters, who have enslaved us with their songs and spells; and he is now standing, armed like Jack, his fore-runner, at the Mount of Cornwall, and woe to him who first answers the challenge. Even More, of Morehall, who slew the Dragon of Wantley, had a gentle task, compared to what the author of this critical poem has set himself. We wish him well through with it: there is a spice of the devil, we have heard, in all men; and we are sure all the sterner parts of the natures of those writers whom he has satirized, will be up in arms against him. Wordsworth, whom he charges with "dullness," will cease registering stamps, and select a cudgel of Westmorland wood—Scott, who is "all tameness, sameness, and who deals in puny numbers," will draw one of those old two-edged blades, which shone at Ancram, and turn towards London—Coleridge, whose 'Christabel' is "shameful," and whose 'Ancient Mariner' is "such as Bedlamites might blush to claim," will set down the opium cup, and give him a four hours speech, such as will send him to sleep with his fathers—and even Campbell, whom he lauds chiefly for his 'Pleasures of Hope,' will prime his pistols and begin to measure him for a shot. Alas, he will have few to take his part, save Hogg and Atherstone; now the former has been long engaged in pastoral pursuits, and has no warlike propensities; and, though the latter has written largely of guns and wounds, it is plainly seen that he is without practice. But, Nicholas Michell is enough of himself; his confidence is unbounded—he has talked as boldly and familiarly of the merits of the first men on earth,

As maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs;

and there is no doubt that he is ready, according to the words which we have quoted from his poem, to keep the field and maintain it.

The pleasure we have received, as our readers may see, in the perusal of this poem,

has been very great. The author has unthroned the princes of song, and cleared the summit of Parnassus of those intruders, whom the bad taste of the nation had allowed to occupy it. All the duller followers of the muse will now find "ample room and verge enough," for their many-coloured songs; and all who thought that Scott, and Wordsworth, and others, had ruled and reigned too long, will clap their hands, and cry—Down they go. To whom are we obliged for all this? Why, to Nicholas Michell, author of 'Constantinople,' a poem; nor does he mean to stop at this: "Should the author live another autumn, (these are his words,) probably he may put in his sickle, small and blunt though it be, amidst a few contemporary novelists." We hope his life will be so far prolonged; he has done the state some service, in opening their eyes to the dullness of our poets; and, in the same taste, we expect to see him unsphere the author of Waverley, and Miss Edgeworth. We have only two faults to find with his present poem: by conferring Kennedy, of the 'Pitful Fancies,' on Scotland, he has wronged the Sister Isle; and by depriving the *Quarterly* of the superintendence of Lockhart, he has not only hurt the Review, but has alarmed Mr. Murray, who declares he never heard of such a thing.

British America. By John Macgregor. 2 vols. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

[Second Notice.]

WE have heard sensible men say, that, on the very first war between Britain and the United States, the latter would add at one swoop all our colonies in America to their empire. We are of a different opinion. Any one who takes up the map of the new world and runs his finger along the line of the national boundaries, will observe, that the great river St. Lawrence, with the mighty lakes of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Superior, unite in forming a natural barrier, such as no other country possesses; and, by reading the history of the land, he will see, that this almost impassable fortification is guarded on the land side by the very *élite* almost of the rugged and dauntless peasantry of England, Scotland, and Ireland, while, on its bosom, on the first signal of hostilities, would ride a navy which has yet to find its match in battle. No one can fail to observe how strongly our colonies are guarded by nature, and likewise the precautions which our government has taken to secure and strengthen such defences. To say nothing of the disciplined troops which the mother island would speedily pour in—the chain of fortified posts which extend along the frontiers—the firmness and proven intrepidity of the colonial militias,—we shall only observe, that the deep and noble canals which we have constructed along the unnavigable parts of the St. Lawrence will enable us to supply the whole extended line of defence with the living sinews and munitions of war without let or molestation. We are not, therefore, of those who feel any alarm in this quarter: moreover, we confide in the friendly feeling of the two countries towards each other: all those who speak the language of England should be as brothers, and enter into a mutual bond of peace and affection. Respecting the subject to which we have alluded, Mr. Macgregor says little or nothing:

we have, however, placed it in a fair point of view, and shall now proceed to pick some useful information from the work.

The productions of British America are partly natural and partly cultivated, and the exports are very great. During the year 1830 no less than 571 vessels, amounting in all to 169,016 tons, and navigated by 7460 seamen, cleared out from the port of Quebec for Great Britain alone. Their cargoes consisted chiefly of oak, pine, ash, and elm, of very fine quality: of staves for barrels and puncheons, &c., deals, planks, handspikes, pot-ashes, pearl-ashes, flour, wheat, fish-oil, and furs. Of these latter there were 533 bear skins, 13,162 martens, 2,800 mink, 10,650 beaver, 1,669 fox, 1,538 otter, 34,403 musk rat, and 430 lynx. "The trade of Canada," says Macgregor, "employs about 1000 ships, registering about 220,000 tons, and navigated by 11,000 seamen. The imports of the Canadas were, in 1830, according to the Customs entries, 1,771,345*l.*, and the exports to all quarters amounted to nearly two millions sterling. The value of the whole property in British America, consisting of 128,000 horses, 785,000 horned cattle, 723,000 hogs, 918,000 sheep; 5,635,000 acres of land; together with the fixed capital in mills, fisheries, and buildings, exclusive of fortifications, have been estimated at the sum of 42,563,000*l.* Of the country which produces, and the people who enjoy all those treasures, it is the object of our historian to speak; and no one can open his volumes without finding at once something amusing or valuable. For a general description of the South Coast we may recommend the following passage; nor shall we curtail it of that part which adds the happy descendants of the old French settlers to the picture:—

"The River St. Lawrence, and the whole country, from the lowest parishes to Quebec, unfold scenery, the magnificence of which, in combination with the most delightful picturesque beauty, is considered by the most intelligent travellers who have visited this part of Canada, to be unequalled in America, and probably in the world. Niagara comprehends only a few miles of sublimity. The great lakes resemble seas; and the prospects which their shores, like those of the coasts of the ocean, afford to our limited visual powers, although on a grand scale, fall infinitely short of the sublime views on the St. Lawrence, below Quebec.

"Here we have frequently, as we ascend the eminences over which the post-road passes, or as we sail up or down the St. Lawrence, prospects which open a view of 50 to 100 miles of a river, from ten to twenty miles in breadth. The imposing features of these vast landscapes exhibit lofty mountains, wide valleys, bold headlands, luxuriant forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements, some of them stretching up along the mountains; fertile islands with neat white cottages; rich pastures and well-fed flocks; rocky islets; tributary rivers, some of them rolling over precipices, and one of them, the Saguenay, bursting through an apparently perpendicular chasm of the northern mountains; and, on the surface of the St. Lawrence, majestic ships, brigs, and schooners, either under sail or at anchor, with pilot boats and river craft in active motion.

"This beautiful appearance, however, changes to a very different character in winter; and, late in the fall of the year, a dark stormy night in the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence presents the most terrific, wild, and formidable dangers.

"In winter the river and gulf are choked up with broken fields of ice, exhibiting the most

varied and fantastic appearances; and the whole country on each side is covered with snow; and all the trees, except the stern fir tribes, are denuded of their foliage.

"The south shores of the St. Lawrence are thickly settled by the descendants of the French, who at different times emigrated to Canada; and the manners and customs of their ancestors are tenaciously and religiously preserved by the Canadians, or *habitans*, more particularly in this part of Canada, where they have held little intercourse with the English. The villages and parishes have a general similarity of appearance; and although some of them are more extensive, and much more populous than others, yet one description is sufficient for all.

"We cannot but be pleased and happy while travelling through them. They assuredly seem to be the very abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness. We pass along delighted through a beautiful rural country, with clumps of wood interspersed, amidst cultivated farms, pastures and herds; decent parish churches, and neat white houses or cottages. The inhabitants are always not only civil, but polite and hospitable; and the absence of beggary, and of the squalid beings whose misery harrows our feelings in the United Kingdom, is the best proof that they are in comfortable circumstances. Thefts are rare, and doors are as rarely locked. You never meet a Canadian but he puts his hand to his hat or *bonnet rouge*; and he is always ready to inform you, or to receive you in his house; and if you be hungry, the best he has is at your service.

"The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails among the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know that each may be equally correct in heart, yet we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journeys; and often have I compared the easy obliging manners of the Canadian *habitans* with the rough 'What d'ye want?' of the English boor, or the wondering 'What's your wull?' of the Scotch cotters." ii. 456—8.

Over the whole surface of British America the mother isles continue to pour a hardy and laborious race of adventurers, who take root like seeds wafted by the winds in all manner of places, and generally succeed in laying the foundation of a property for their descendants to inherit. The thick of the swarm wing their way to Upper Canada, where the soil is rich and deep, and where the Canada Company, still guided by the plans of the sagacious Galt, encourage all who are hardy and enterprising. Of such settlers our historian draws the following character: and we cannot but think that it is accurate:

"In the English farmer we observe the dialect of his county, the honest John Bull bluntness of his style, and other peculiarities that mark his character. His house or cottage is distinguished by cleanliness and neatness, his agricultural implements and utensils are always in order; and wherever we find that an English farmer has perseverance, for he seldom wants industry, he is sure to do well. He does not, however, reconcile himself so readily as the Scotch settler does to the privations necessarily connected, for the first few years, with being set down in a new country, where the habits of those around him, and almost everything else attached to his situation, are somewhat different from what he has been accustomed to; and it is not until he is sensibly assured of succeeding and bettering his condition, that he becomes fully reconciled to the country.

"There are, indeed, in the very face of a wood farm, a thousand seeming, and, it must be ad-

mitted, many real difficulties to encounter, sufficient to stagger people of more than ordinary resolution, but more particularly an English farmer, who has all his life been accustomed to cultivate land subjected for centuries to the plough. It is not therefore to be wondered at that he feels discouraged at the sight of wilderness lands, covered with heavy forest trees, which he must cut down and destroy. He is not acquainted with the use of the axe; and if he were, the very piling and burning of the wood, after the trees are felled, is a most disagreeable piece of labour. He has, besides, to make a fence of the logs, to keep off the cattle, sheep, and hogs, which range at large; and when all this is done, he must not only submit to the hard toil of hoeing in grain or potatoes, but often to live on coarse diet. Were it not for the example which he has before him of others, who had to undergo similar hardships before they attained the means which yield them independence, he might indeed give up in despair, and be forgiven for doing so.

"The Scotchman, habituated to greater privations in his native country, has probably left it with the full determination of undergoing any hardships that may lead to the acquisition of solid advantages: He therefore acts with great caution and industry, subjects himself to many inconveniences, neglects the comforts for some time which the Englishman considers indispensable, and in time certainly succeeds in surmounting all difficulties, and then, and not till then, does he willingly enjoy the comforts of life.

"The Irish peasant is soon distinguished by his brogue, his confident manner, readiness of reply, seeming happiness, although often describing his situation as worse than it is. The Irish emigrants are more anxious, in general, to gain a temporary advantage, by working some time for others, than by beginning immediately on a piece of land for themselves; and this, by procuring the means, leads them too frequently into the habit of drinking—a vice to which a great number of English and Scotch become also unfortunately addicted.

"The farmers and labourers born and brought up in America, possess, in an eminent degree, a quickness of expedients where anything is required that can be supplied by the use of edge-tools; and, as carpenters and joiners, they are not only expert, but ingenious workmen.

"Almost every farmer, particularly in the thinly settled districts of America, has a loom in his house, and their wives and daughters not only spin the yarn, but weave the cloth. The quantity, however, manufactured among the farmers, is not more than half what is required for domestic use.

"The houses of the American loyalists residing in the colonies are better constructed, and more convenient and clean within, than those of the Highland Scotch and Irish, or indeed those of any other settlers who have not lived some years in America. Although the house of an English farmer who settles on a new farm is, from his awkward acquaintance with edge-tools, usually very clumsy in its construction; yet that comfortable neatness, which is so peculiar to England, prevails within doors, and shows that the virtue of cleanliness is one that few Englishwomen, let them go where they may, ever forget.

"The Highland Scotch, unless intermixed with other settlers, are not only careless, in many particulars, of cleanliness within their houses, but are also regardless of neatness and convenience in their agricultural implements and arrangements. All this arises from the force of habit, and the long prevalence of the make-shift system; for whenever a Scotch Highlander is planted among a promiscuous population, no one is more anxious than he to

rival the more respectable establishment of his neighbour.

"The Scotch settlers from the Lowland counties, although they generally know much better, yet remain, from a determination first to accumulate property, for some years regardless of comfort or convenience in their dwellings; but they at last build respectable houses, and enjoy the fruits of their industry.

"The lower classes of Irish, familiarized from their birth to a miserable subsistence and wretched residences, are, particularly if they have emigrated after the prime of life, perfectly reconciled to any condition which places them above want, although by no means free of that characteristic habit of complaining which poverty at first created." ii. 180—3.

Mr. Macgregor is no admirer of the Americans of the United States: he speaks, too, with some contempt of the children of the settlers: he believes that the people who find themselves most at their ease are the Highland Scotch; and he agrees with Howison, in averring, that "the *ne plus ultra* of impudence, rascality, and villany, is comprehended in the epithet of Scotch Yankee." There is a pretty considerable deal of what we may call *Highlandity* about this same John Macgregor: he cannot but know that the kilted portion of Scotland is by far the least intelligent and industrious, and that a settler from the Lowlands is well worth any couple of Maes that ever descended from the mountains of Morven. We intended to have discoursed a little upon the extensive plans which Mr. Galt laid down for less gifted hands to execute—and, moreover, upon the undertakings of that singular and unfortunate adventurer John Mactaggart. This latter gentleman was employed by the government in the construction of the Rideau Canal: he carried a vigorous constitution to the swamps and deserts of Canada, with some knowledge in mathematics and mechanics: and, such was the good-natured obstinacy of the man, or such the love of military etiquette among his martial companions, that he assured us, he was tried no less than nine times by courts-martial for alleged faults; and, of these trials, said he, four were for the offence of daring to think. This could not last: after a residence of three years he came or was sent home—published a singular work relating what he saw and heard—retired to his native Galloway, where he now rests in the kirkyard, secure alike against courts-martial and critics.

Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les deux premières Assemblées Législatives. Par Etienne Dumont (de Genève). Ouvrage posthume, publié par M. J. L. Duval, Membre du Conseil Représentatif de Genève.

[Third Notice.]

The following sketch of Mirabeau is drawn with a masterly pencil:—

"Mirabeau had a confidence in his own power, which supported him in difficulties under which another would have sunk. His imagination loved whatever was great, and his mind had extraordinary powers of discrimination. He had natural good taste, which he had cultivated by reading the best authors of several nations. He had no great depth of information, but made good use of the little he knew. In the turmoil of his stormy life, he had wanted leisure, for study; but, in his prison at Vincennes, he went through a course of general reading, made translations, and formed a collection of extracts from many great writers. All this, however,

scarcely amounted to the stock of knowledge belonging to the most ordinary man of letters, and when Mirabeau spoke with the open confidence of friendship, he was by no means vain of his acquisitions. But what he possessed beyond other men, was, an eloquent and impassioned soul, which, the instant it was excited, animated every feature of his countenance: and nothing was so easy as to bring on the requisite degree of excitement. He had been accustomed from his youth to consider the great questions of politics and government; but he could not go deep into them. The work of discussion, examination and doubt, was beyond his means. He had too much warmth and effervescence of mind for didactic method or laborious application. His mind proceeded by starts and leaps, but its conceptions were bold and vigorous. He abounded in forcible expressions, of which he made a particular study. He was peculiarly qualified to shine in a popular assembly, at a stormy period, when force and audacity were essential requisites.

"As an author he cannot rank high, for all his productions, without exception, are pieces of patchwork of which very little would be left, if each contributor took back his own. But he gave splendour to whatever he touched, by introducing here and there luminous ideas, original expressions, and apostrophes full of fire and eloquence. It was a singular faculty, that of discovering obscure talents, applying to each the degree of encouragement necessary to its peculiar character, and animating those who possessed them with his own zeal, so as to make them eagerly co-operate in a work of which he was to reap all the credit.

"He felt himself absolutely incapable of writing upon any subject, except he were guided and supported by the work of another. His style, naturally strained, degenerated into turgescence, and he was soon disgusted with the emptiness and incoherence of his own ideas. But when he had materials to work upon, he could prune and connect, communicate a greater degree of life and force, and imprint upon the whole the stamp of eloquence. * * *

"As a political orator, Mirabeau, in certain points, was superior to all other men. He had a rapid *coup-d'œil*, a quick and sure perception of the spirit of an assembly, and of applying his entire strength to the point of resistance, without exhausting his means. No other orator ever did so much with a single word, nor hit the mark with so sure an aim; none but Mirabeau ever forced the general opinion either by a happy insinuation, or by a strong expression which intimidated his adversaries. In the tribune he was immovable. They who have seen him, well know that no agitation in the assembly had the least effect upon him, and he remained master of his temper even in personal attacks. I once recollect to have heard him make a report upon the city of Marseilles. Each sentence was interrupted from the *côté droit* with low abuse; the words calumniator, liar, assassin, and rascal, were very prodigally bestowed upon him. On a sudden he stopped, and, with a honied accent, as if what he said had been most favourably received, 'I am waiting, gentlemen,' said he, 'until the fine compliments you are paying me are exhausted.'

"What was wanting to Mirabeau to make a perfect speaker was the power of discussion. His mind could not embrace a chain of reasoning or of proof, nor could he refute methodically; and in these respects he was very inferior to many of those intellectual giants whom I had heard in the English parliament. * * *

"Mirabeau's voice was full, manly, and sonorous; it filled and flattered the ear. Always powerful, yet flexible, it could be heard as distinctly when he lowered as when he raised it. He could go through all its notes with the same ease and

distinctness, and he pronounced his finals with so much care, that the last syllable was never lost. His ordinary manner was very slow. He commenced with the appearance of a little embarrassment, hesitated often, but in a way to excite interest, and until he became animated, he seemed as if he were selecting the most agreeable expressions. In his most impetuous moments, the feeling which made him dwell upon certain words to give them emphasis, prevented him from ever speaking rapidly. He had the greatest contempt for French volubility and false warmth, which he termed the thunders and tempests of the opera. He never lost the gravity of a senator, and it was a defect, perhaps, that, when he commenced a speech, there was always a little appearance of preparation and pretension. What seems incredible, is, that little notes written in pencil were often handed to him in the tribune, and he had the art of reading them, whilst he was speaking, and embodying their contents in his speech with the greatest facility. Garat compared him to one of those jugglers who tear a piece of paper into twenty pieces, swallow each bit separately, and bring forth the original piece whole. He had a most miraculous faculty of appropriating whatever he heard. A word, a point of history, or a quotation, uttered in his presence, instantly became his own. One day when Barnave, who was very vain of his extemporaneous oratory, had just replied without preparation to a prepared speech, Chamfort, who was talking to Mirabeau on the steps of the tribune, observed, that facility was a fine talent, if it were not made an improper use of. Mirabeau immediately took this expression for his exordium, and thus began: 'I have often said, that facility was one of the finest gifts of nature, if it were not made an improper use of; and what I have just heard does not induce me to alter my opinion,' &c.

"Mirabeau may be called, not a great, but an extraordinary man. As a writer, he does not belong to the first class; as an orator, he cannot stand so high as Cicero, Demosthenes, Pitt, or Fox. Most of his writings are already forgotten, and his speeches, with few exceptions, have no longer any interest. The characteristic trait of his genius consists in his political sagacity, in his anticipation of events, and in his knowledge of mankind; all which he appears to me to have displayed in a more remarkable degree than any other power of his vigorous mind. There were moments in which he declared that he felt himself a prophet; and, in truth, he seemed to have inspirations of futurity. He was not believed, because others could not see so far, and because his forebodings were attributed to disappointed ambition; but I know that, at the very period when he prognosticated the downfall of the monarchy, he had the most glorious anticipations of the future destiny of his country. * * *

"Much has been said of his venality; and, if some of his detractors are worthy of credit, his talents were actually put up to the highest bidder. 'Since I have been in the habit of selling myself,' he would sometimes observe, 'I ought to have gained sufficient to purchase a kingdom; but I know not how it happens that I have always been poor, having at my command so many kings, with their treasures.' It may be admitted that he was not over delicate in money matters; but his pride held him in the stead of honesty, and he would have thrown out of the window any one who had dared to make a humiliating proposal to him. He received a pension from Monsieur, and afterwards one from the King; but he considered himself as an agent entrusted with their affairs, and he took these pensions not to be governed by, but to govern them. M. de Narbonne told me, that he once heard him say, 'A man like me might accept a hundred thousand crowns, but I am

not to be bought for a hundred thousand crowns.' It is possible, however, that this speech was nothing more than the effect of the same kind of vanity which makes an opera dancer find a charm in the high price at which her favours are valued. If Spain and England did really bribe him, what became of the sums he received? how happens it that he died insolvent? Although the expenses of his house were considerable in proportion to his fortune, yet he did not live in the style of a man of even ordinary opulence; and if he distributed, for the King's service, the monies he received, he can no longer be accused of cupidity, for in that case he was nothing more than the King's banker."

Before closing this notice, we add an anecdote or two kindly sent us by a correspondent:—

On one occasion, when Mirabeau wanted cash, he wrote the following burlesque letter to his father:—

Ni poisson, ni oiseau,
Je ne vis ni d'air ni d'eau;
De l'argent donc bienôt,
Père Mirabeau.

To which his father sent the following reply:—

Sois poisson ou oiseau,
Vis d'air ou d'eau,
Je te f— au cachot.
—Père Mirabeau.

I'm neither bird, nor am I fish,
Water or air is not my dish;
Some money quickly 's what I wish—
My Father Mirabeau.

Answer.
Take either element you wish;
Live with the birds, or with the fish;
To prison you may straightway go—
For what cares Father Mirabeau.

Count Mirabeau's brother and he were always at variance. I knew the Viscount intimately; he was a great gastronome, and a very hard drinker—so much so, that he once forgot himself in the National Assembly: his eldest brother rebuked him for it; to which he replied,—"I have that only fault—you have all the other vices of human nature; and I keep mine, that it may be said of our family, that we are complete in vice." The Viscount was very witty—enormous in his rotundity—his countenance much resembled the late Charles Fox.

We shall conclude our translations from this work, which we strongly recommend to our readers, with a sketch of the celebrated Madame Roland, who fell a victim to the guillotine during the reign of terror, and whose end was worthy of Socrates.

"Madame Roland, to a very beautiful person, united great powers of intellect; her reputation stood very high, and her friends never spoke of her but with the most profound respect. She was in character a Cornelia, and, if she had had sons, would have brought them up in the same manner as the Gracchi. I saw, at her house, several committees of ministers and the principal Girondists. A female at such meetings appeared rather out of place, but she took no part in the discussions. She was generally at her desk, writing letters, and seemed not to notice what was going on,—of which, however, she did not lose a word. The simplicity of her dress did not detract from her natural grace and elegance, and though her pursuits were more adapted to the other sex, she adorned them with all the charms of her own. I reproach myself with not having personally known all her good qualities; but I had imbibed a prejudice against female politicians; and I found in her, besides, too much of that tendency to mistrust which results from ignorance of the world.

"Claviere and Roland, after seeing the King, had abandoned their prejudices, and gave him credit for sincerity; but she did not cease warning them against the illusions of the court; she

could not believe in the good faith of a prince educated with the opinion that he was superior to other men. She maintained that they were dupes, and the most satisfactory assurances were, with her, only snares. Servan, who had a sombre character, and the most splenetic pride, appeared to her energetic and incorruptible; she mistook his passions for elevation of mind, and his hatred of the court for republican virtue. Louvet, who had the same prejudices, became her hero. He had, it is true, wit, courage, and vivacity; but I am surprised how a virtuous woman could look upon the author of 'Faublas' as a severe republican. Madame Roland excused every fault in those who decried against courtiers, and believed that virtue was confined to hovels. She exalted very mediocre personages, such as Lantinas and Pache, merely because they were of this opinion. I confess that all this was anything but attractive in my estimation; and it prevented me from cultivating an intimacy, which I should have sought with eagerness, had I then known her as well as I did after her death.

"Her personal memoirs are admirable. They are an imitation of Rousseau's Confessions, and often worthy of the original. She exposes her innermost thoughts, and describes herself with a truth and force not to be found in any other work of the same description. A more extensive knowledge of the world was wanting to her intellectual development, and perhaps a more intimate acquaintance with men of sounder judgment than her own. None of those who visited her were raised above vulgar prejudices; she was always, therefore, encouraged in a disbelief of the possibility of an alliance between monarchy and freedom. She looked upon a king with the same horror as Mrs. Macaulay, whom she considered as a being superior to her sex. Had Madame Roland been able to communicate to her party her own intrepidity and strength of mind, royalty would have been overthrown, but the Jacobins would not have triumphed."

Memoir of the early Operations of the Burmese War. By H. Lister Maw, Lieut. R.N. Formerly Naval Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell. London, 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

Lieutenant Maw says, that "his statements are true, and the intention not evil";—an avowment scarcely necessary, for a clear, modest, and unpretending narrative could not well come from one who wished to mislead or misrepresent. His chief object is to correct the erroneous impressions made by those who described the attack on the Burman empire, but neglected to combine the labours of the army and the navy in one narrative; and it seems equally his desire to reply to an article on that subject in the *United Service Journal*, which he regards as alike unjust to the navy and to Col. Snodgrass. In this, we think, so far as we remember the writings in question, he has not been unsuccessful. Lieut. Maw was largely employed both on water and on land;—now aiding in a naval attack on the entrenched positions of the enemy—then foremost in a land march against fortified stockades;—at one time cheering on Bengalee troops, who had little desire to fight, and yet could not run away;—and at another boldly grappling with the fire-rafts directed by the enemy against a squadron packed closely in a narrow river. From the 11th of May, when the British expedition entered the river at Rangoon, till the 8th of August, when he was severely wounded by a shot in the mouth, at the

storming of a stockade nigh the Dalla Creek, he gives us an account of the united operations of fleet and army; and, as he seems a brave and candid man, we put faith in his narrative, and recommend it to the attention of our readers.

To many the corrections which he gives, and the lights which he lets in on the darkness of other accounts, will be recommendation enough: we will leave these as we find them, and direct the reader's regard to the descriptions which Mr. Maw gives of the country which he helped to invade—the character of the enemy, and their resources, both by water and land. All who know aught of warfare in the East have heard of stockades—a kind of rude fortress formed of palisades, often raised by the Burmans during a single night, and from which it required both skill and valour to dislodge them; but perhaps few have heard in what manner, and by what means, they were constructed:—

"The Burmese stockades, respecting which so much has been said, whilst so little appears generally to be known, varied from little more than breastworks to fortifications fifteen feet high, and which our shot frequently could not breach.

"When a bamboo stockade was to be erected, the space intended to be enclosed was marked out, and a small trench dug, in which bamboos, eight or ten inches in diameter, and nine or ten feet high, were placed vertically, and close together. The small trench was then filled up, and the bamboo work strengthened by lashing others that were split, and placed lengthways to those that were vertical. Outside of this row more bamboos, as stout as could be got, were placed upright in a similar manner, excepting that, instead of a continued close line, about three were placed together, a space, which would have admitted three more, left, and again three others placed, and so proceeding along, or round the works. The vacant spaces in the higher row, thus forming port holes above the lower row, through which the garrison could fire, standing under cover of the higher bamboos. On the top of the higher bamboos, some that were slightly split were placed lengthways over the vertical ends, and the whole additionally secured by lashings and inclined supports from the inside.

"When the bamboo work was finished, or rather, perhaps, whilst it was going on, for the Burmans were not people who lost time on such occasions, a broad deep trench was dug a few feet inside of the wall, and the earth thrown up, so as to form an embankment against the wall, generally in the shape of two high steps or small terraces; the upper part of this embankment was usually five or six feet high, and it formed not only effective shelter against artillery, but was the platform on which the jingals and great guns were mounted, and on which the musqueteers or matchlock-men stood, to fire as the British troops advanced. Barracks, built of the smaller parts of bamboos, and thatched with their leaves, were built round the stockade inside the trench, so that the men lived at their posts. A Pagoda was frequently enclosed, and the Burman engineers generally took care to have a jungle in the rear of their positions, so as to cover a retreat, which was easily effected by means of the embankment on the inside, although it was not so easy for the British forces to get in from the outside. Heavy pieces of timber—trunks of trees—were frequently suspended from the top of the works, in order to cut away upon assailants in attempts to storm:—rows of posts and rails, and abattis, were placed outside." p. 93—95.

We can afford no more room, else we

would have given Mr. Maw's account of the Burman fire-rafts, and of the country round Rangoon, with its wild productions, both animal and human.

Remarks on the Use and Abuse of some Political Terms. By George Cornwall Lewis, Esq., Student of Christchurch, Oxford. London, 1832. Fellowes.

Mr. Lewis is already favourably known to the public, by his translations from the German of Müller and Boekh. The present work is an attempt to do for politics in general, what Mr. Malthus some time since attempted for political economy—to fix and illustrate the meaning of the principal terms, which we are daily employing in controversy; from the vague use or abuse of which, as the author justly observes, no trifling portion of that controversy proceeds. Accordingly, he has not merely defined the terms in question to the best of his abilities, but collected from writers of eminence, of all parties and in almost all languages, examples of the many meanings attached to them; and has thus succeeded in forming a very interesting and instructive publication, occupying a middle place between a political vocabulary, and a scientific treatise on government. Amongst the most prominent articles are—Government, Constitution, Monarchy, Representation, Liberty, Law, Property, &c. Amongst the authors most freely commented upon are—Blackstone, Locke, Bentham, Whately, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Heeren, Hume, Mill, Macaulay, and Mackintosh. We despair of being able to convey a correct notion of this book by short quotations, and we cannot afford space enough for long. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that it shows a sound judgment, varied and extensive reading, with considerable skill in composition; and that we recommend it to the perusal of all who conceive themselves called upon to mingle in political discussion, a description which—now that Lord Londonderry is bringing the 'prentice-boys into play—bids fair to include all the men, women, and children, of these realms. Considering, that one main object of the book is, "to soften the anger and direct the efforts of disputants, by suggesting an explanation of their differences,"—the motto strikes us as very happily chosen:—

"Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent."
Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Scene 3.

The Philological Museum, Nos. I. and II. 1832. Cambridge, Deightons; London, Rivingtons; Oxford, Parker.

THE application of philology to the discussion of controverted historical topics, though not a novel discovery, was of little practical value until within the last few years. Wolff, Niebuhr, and Müller, have taken the lead in exhibiting the great assistance of philology to the historical critic; and their example has stimulated the German scholars to similar exertions, and has not been wholly uninfluential in this country. But at the present moment, when schedules A and B are of more importance than all the letters of all the ancient alphabets, it is scarcely possible to abstract our minds sufficiently from the turmoil around us, and enter into such minute dis-

quisitions about vowels, consonants, and accents, as require the sombre tranquillity of a college chamber or monastic cell. The two numbers that have appeared of the 'Philological Museum,' contain much valuable matter, and the series deserves the support of all anxious to maintain the classical fame of England. We could wish, however, that the editor had withheld his innovations on established orthography: they give the work an appearance of pedantic affectation, which greatly weaken the effect of its general merits.

History of the Jews in all Ages. By the Author of 'History in all Ages.' London, Hamilton & Adams: Leeds, Knight.

THIS work is "printed for the proprietors of publications on Christian Principles," and seems a calm and considerate compilation from Scripture and other works, authentic, if not inspired. We are not sure of the propriety of commencing the history of the chosen people sooner than the call of Abraham, for we hold that any of the heathen nations of old have an equal claim with the Jews in placing Adam and his immediate descendants at the head of their annals. This is at all events to begin with the beginning: and if it be right to commence so early, there can be no doubt of the propriety of coming down to the present time: for, though scattered abroad in all countries, the broken remnant of Israel is numerous and wealthy, and may become a great nation yet. We will not pretend to say, that we have gone carefully and circumspectly through this work, comparing it as we went with the authorities on which it is founded: we have, however, examined the author's narrative of many of the material events, and can report him faithful and prudent. We wish, however, that he had taken the simplicity of Scripture more for his model.

Questions on Adam's Roman Antiquities. Oxford; Slatter. London; Whittaker & Co.

THE 'Roman Antiquities,' like the other works of Dr. Adam, contains an immense mass of valuable information, wretchedly arranged, and related in a harsh and inelegant style. But, as it is the best book on the subject in our language, it holds a distinguished place in the library of every classical student. These Questions must be useful to those who wish to ascertain the extent of their information, on the topics discussed by Dr. Adam; they are drawn up with great care, and show that the author is well acquainted with the subject.

A Concise and Comprehensive Grammar of the French Language. By J. R. L. Rubattel. London, 1831. Westley & Davis.

SIX years ago, Messrs. Noel and Chaptal's 'Concise French Grammar,' an elementary work used by order of the French University in most schools in France, was introduced into England. It was successful; but, being written in French, was troublesome to the English student. Since then, a compilation, accompanied with some good exercises, has been made by M. de Porquet, and this little work is now in its fourth edition. M. Rubattel's Grammar is meant to serve the same purpose, but is inferior in point of clearness and classification. It may, however, be useful in the hands of teachers who do not dislike the subdivisions; and there are some good lessons on pronunciation, and a selection of exercises on all the rules in the Grammar.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET KEATS.

PALE poet, in the solemn Roman earth,
Cold as the clay, thou lay'st thine aching
head!
Ah! what avails thy genius—what thy worth,—
Or what the golden fame above thee spread?
Thou art dead,—dead!

Too early banished from thy place of birth,
By tyrant Pain, thy too bright Spirit fled!
Too late came Love to show the world thy worth!
Too late came Glory for thy youthful head!

Mourn, poets! mourn;—he's lost! O minstrels,
grieve!
And with your music let his fame be fed!
True lovers! 'round his verse your sorrows
weave!
And, maidens! mourn, at last, a poet dead!
He is dead,—dead,—dead!

B.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARLY LIFE OF THE
LATE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In addition to the notice given in one of your late numbers, of the Rev. George Crabbe, I shall transcribe for your information an account of his first coming to London, "full of youth and hope," and the distress in which he was involved in consequence of it, from a work of merit, Prior's 'Life of Burke.' It is rather singular that this book itself gives no clue to those not conversant in literary history, who is meant in relating the anecdote: delicacy to a living person was, I presume, the motive; but having heard some of the circumstances more than thirty years ago, I knew at once the nameless individual aimed at, though there is nothing discreditable, it is to be hoped, in his having once been poor. The letter which he wrote to Mr. Burke on that occasion was still in existence at the time of which I speak, and seems, from the minuteness of the details, which were then familiar to me, to have been seen by Mr. Prior.

"It was about this period (1781) that the kindly feelings of Mr. Burke were appealed to by a young and friendless literary adventurer, subsequently an eminent poet, whose name on the present occasion it is unnecessary to mention, who, buoyed up with the praises his verses had received in the country, and the hope of bettering his fortune by them in London, had adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than three pounds in his pocket. This trifle being soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused: there was no imposing name to recommend his little volume, and an attempt to bring it out himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. The printer, it appeared, had deceived him, and the press was at a stand from the want of that potent stimulus to action which puts so much of the world in motion.

"Hearing, however, or knowing something of an opulent peer, then in London, who had a summer residence in his native county, he proposed to dedicate to him this little volume, and the offer was accepted; but, on requesting a very small sum of money to enable him to usher it into the world, received no answer to his application. His situation became now most painful; he was not merely in want, but in debt; he had applied to his friends in the country, but they could render him no assistance. His poverty had become obvious, he said, to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence

could be expected from them; he had given a bill for part of his debt, which if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison; he had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply; despair, he added, awaited him whichever way he turned.

"In this extremity of destitution, Providence directed him to venture on an application to Mr. Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman other than common fame bestowed—no introduction but his own letter stating these circumstances:—no recommendation but his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, "hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond any possible expectations he could form. Mr. Burke, with scanty means himself, and unbribed by a dedication, did that which the opulent peer declined to do with it; but this was not all; for he gave the young poet his friendship, criticism, and advice, sent some part of his family round to their friends to collect subscriptions for his work, introduced him to some of the first men in the country, and very speedily became the means of pushing him on to fame and fortune."

In addition to this account, it may be stated, that through Burke he became known to Fox, Reynolds, and, by the recommendation of the former, to Johnson; by Mr. Burke also it was recommended to him to quit the medical profession and study for the Church; advice which, it is unnecessary here to say, he adopted. I have heard something like ingratitude laid to his charge, in the fact, that he never, from 1781 to 1810, or thereabouts, paid any tribute to the memory of Burke in any of his works, in dread of giving offence to the ultra whig party, and that then he gave loose to his feelings when Fox was no longer alive. This is a very illiberal, and, I believe, unjust, interpretation of his silence. The fact, I imagine, is, but in this you can correct me if wrong, that he published no work between the dates in question (or at least between 1783 and 1810), or none in which the tribute of gratitude could properly be introduced.—I am, Sir,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Putney, March 2, 1832.

On reading the Motto upon the Funeral Achievement of a litigious, troublesome Fellow.

"In Cælo Quies!"
Ne verò si es
In Cælo—Quies.

Another on the same.

Si "In Cælo Quies"
Tu minime scies;—
At certè jam cernis
Si Quies in Infernis,
In Infernis qui es.

ALUMNUS.

King's College.

FRANCONIAN PROVERBS.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Nor linen, maid, or money try,
Unless there's daylight in the sky.
Mishap rides up in spur and boot,
And always slinks away on foot.

Be the diamond e'er so fine,
It may not without tinsel shine.

In culprit's house, thou sha't not hope,
To win thy suit, by talk of rope.

Much cumbers us a flowing dress;
Much cumbers wealth our happiness.

Who far away from wife shall roam,
Or starts a cheat, or brings one home.

He, that's a good roof o'er his head,
Is a sad fool to leave his bed.

He, that is prompt to pay a bill,
Shall find his coffers promptly fill.

Break not your egg, and you are wise,
Before your salt beside it lies.

If you would gently sink to rest,
Mount guard on tongue, and eye, and breast.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WHAT! more of Byron? No poet of these latter days has been so bewritten and belpainted; we have him in memoirs and conversations, and criticisms and sermons; and we have the scenes which he describes and the glowing images in which his muse deals, embodied by the pencil and secured by the graver, in all styles and shapes and sizes. We imagined that the monthly volumes and embellishments, now issuing from Albemarle Street, together with the illustrations manufacturing by the Findens, would have appeared, at least, the public appetite: it is not thought so, for we have a promise of a series of Historic Embellishments from Messrs. Smith & Elder, of Cornhill, in the following words:—

"The glorious 'imaginings,' which the mind of Byron alone could conceive, are yet to be embodied to the eye of his admirers, by the aid of graphical illustrations.

"It is the confessedly ambitious design of the Proprietors of the present work, to supply a deficiency which is alike the occasion of surprise and concern. They boldly declare their conviction of the inadequacy of all previous attempts to depict the characters which the Muse of Byron has summoned into existence; and they invite the patronage of the Public to a proposed connected Series of Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron, which shall be worthy of the fame of the Poet, and which shall challenge the admiration of the refined and fastidious taste of the present age."

It will be no easy matter, we fear, to find artists who can work up to the promise of such a prospectus—it would have been as well to have given the names of the painters: to paint in the spirit of Byron's poetry, will be found no easy thing to the most accomplished.

A. W. Schlegel, perhaps the most illustrious of living critics—whose name must be interesting to all Englishmen, as the only worthy translator of Shakspeare, and doubly interesting to us, as a very large portion of his literary influence was exercised through the *Athenæum*—has just arrived in England, with the view of publishing a short Essay, in the shape of a Letter to Sir James Mackintosh, on the present state and best mode of promoting the study of the languages and literature of the East. It is written in French, but, we believe, a translation is meditated, unless some publisher should be found spirited enough to venture an edition of the original.

The monumental groupe by Chantrey, in memory of Bishop Heber, has arrived at Madras. The same artist has just finished a statue of Canning for the city of Liverpool; it is a work of much elegance and ease, and the likeness is perfect; it will probably be

exhibited in Somerset House. Another statue of the same statesman, by the same artist, has been for some time modelled; it is to be placed in Westminster Abbey; the public will, therefore, be enabled to compare the work of Chantrey with that of Westmacott, whose statue of Canning will soon, we hear, be on its pedestal in Palace Yard. Wilkie has completed his portrait of William IV. in his coronation robes—it is reckoned the most successful of all his works of that class.

Stanfield and Roberts have received commissions to paint a series of subjects to illustrate a new and splendid edition of the Bible. The text is to be printed at the Cambridge Press; and the work is the speculation of an enterprising publisher, to whom, for his liberal spirit in engaging such artists, we wish success.

The eldest son of Mr. George Cooke, whose Views on the Thames we some time since noticed, is, we hear, occupied in taking sketches of Old London Bridge, and a series of etchings of the more interesting subjects will shortly appear.

It was gratifying to us to observe, at the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione, on Wednesday last, that the hints we threw out to the professional members had not been without the desired effect—for seldom has there been a more rich or brilliant display of works than on that evening. Especial thanks are due to Mr. F. C. Lewis, Mr. Holland, Mr. Bass, and Mr. Ince, for portfolios of clever works—nor less to Mr. Boxall, for a beautiful head of a Young Girl smelling at a jessamine flower—full of simplicity and truth, and most beautifully coloured. A picture by Mr. J. W. Wright was also greatly admired, not less for the composition than its powerful colouring. Poor Bonington's last production of 'Henry III. receiving the Spanish Ambassador,' was also in the room, and this single specimen was thought by many as sufficient to stamp him an historical painter. There was also a small portfolio of his sketches in pencil, from statues and antiquities in Normandy, of equal interest and beauty. Mr. Hart, Mr. David Roberts, Mrs. Carpenter, and many others, kindly sent works for exhibition.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Monday, went off with éclat. Lord Burghersh presided, and presented a handsome donation from the Duchess of Kent.

We have heard favourable mention of a MS. Catholic Mass, composed by Monsieur Guynemer, pupil of Cherubini, and for many years a resident professor in this metropolis:—and the MS. opera, to which we alluded several weeks ago, has been noticed in some of the daily papers, as the production of a Monsieur Rousselot. Instead of disguising and patching up imperfect operas, the managers of our national theatres would do much better by giving an original one; at all events, here is in London a composer unemployed, capable, it is said, of writing fine music to an original drama, at a moment they are seeking abroad for novelty!

Mad. Puzzi re-appears this evening in 'Pietro l'Eremita,' alias 'Mosé in Egitto.' The whole of the first scene in this fine opera leaves Rossini's imitators at an immeasurable distance! We have never yet heard the recitative of L'Eremita, in the introduction, properly accompanied in England; for horns

and trombones, it is rather difficult; and these instruments are not *all* of them in efficient hands!

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 8.—Dr. W. G. Maton, Vice President, in the chair.—Dr. Marshall Hall's paper 'On the Ratio which subsists between Respiration and Irritability, in the Animal Kingdom, and on Hybernation,' was concluded. The Honourable William Francis Spencer Ponsonby was admitted a Fellow.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 6th.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Don Beneto Ordaz, of Albany Street, Regent's Park, Francis Walker, Esq., of Southgate, and Mr. Jacob Bell, of Oxford Street, were elected Fellows of the Society. A paper, by Mr. David Don, librarian, on various new species of Compositæ, was read by the Secretary. These descriptions were intended as supplementary to a former paper on the same subject, already printed in the Transactions of the Linnean Society. The new species had been supplied to the author from the collection of Dr. Gillies, made during his residence near the Chilian Andes; and in part also by Hugh Cuning, Esq., who has lately returned to this country from South America, with a very large and valuable collection in several departments of Natural History.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 6.—The method pursued in the garden of the Society, in the cultivation of tobacco, for the purposes for which so much is consumed, in large garden establishments, formed the subject of the paper read this day. Specimens of the tobacco were exhibited, and bore evidence of the great success which had attended the process of curing it. A very large-leaved variety of the Virginian, obtained from the Sandwich Islands, was the sort subjected to the experiment, and was described as being equally as good as that imported from America.

In the exhibition, we observed, flowers of *Gloxinia candida*, and of *Echeveria gibbiflora*. There was also some remarkably good coffee, in all its states, from the fruit on the tree, to its ultimate preparation; and some fruit of the allspice (*myrtus pimenta*), apparently of excellent quality, from the stoves at Combe Abbey, near Coventry.

Cuttings of esteemed pears, and of a very sweet red currant, were distributed among the members.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	{ Royal Geographical Society... Nine, P.M. Medical Society..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Medico-Botanical Society Eight, P.M. Medico-Chirurgical Society... ½ p. 8, P.M.
TUESDAY,	{ Society of Arts, (Evening) .. ½ p. 8, P.M. (Lectures)..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers... Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Geological Society ½ p. 8, P.M. Society of Arts ½ p. 7, P.M.
THURSD.	{ Royal Society ½ p. 8, P.M. Society of Antiquaries..... Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	{ Royal Institution ½ p. 8, P.M.
SATURD.	{ Royal Asiatic Society Two, P.M. Westminster Medical Society... Eight, P.M.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

WE regret we were prevented by accident from attending the Annual General Meeting of the proprietors. The report read is considered more than usually satisfactory; the most rigid economy has been introduced into every department, and the calculated annual receipts are now, within a few pounds, equal to the annual

expenditure. The meeting adjourned until the following Saturday, when the new plan of management was submitted to the proprietors, and it was unanimously resolved that the Council, on their election, shall forthwith choose seven out of their body, who shall form a Committee of Management, and of whom three shall be a *quorum*—and, further, after some conversation, "that a *senatus academicus* is desirable, and that the Council, in conjunction with the Professors, be empowered to form one." The Council were further empowered to raise 7000*l.*, by mortgage, for the erection of an hospital.

FINE ARTS

Select Specimens of the Edifices of Palladio; consisting of Plans, Sections, and Elevations; with Details of Four of his most admired Buildings at Vicenza. From Drawings and Measurements by F. Arundale. Published by the Author; and sold by J. Taylor.

THIS is at once an elegant and useful work, as well deserving the attention of the professional part of the public, and of the students and admirers of Palladio, as to ornament the cabinet and the library. It embraces a life of the celebrated architect, from the Italian of Milizia, and twelve views of his most popular and highly-finished works, with ground plans, and a description of each edifice. These buildings consist of the far-famed Olympic Theatre, the Palazzo Chiericati, the Screen of the Sala della Ragione, and the Villa Capra.

In a very interesting introduction to his work, Mr. Arundale takes occasion to explain the particular object and utility of the present work, and to refer to the most distinguished of our English architects, who have been all more or less indebted to a study of Palladian architecture for the pre-eminence and reputation which they subsequently attained. He traces, likewise, the progress of architecture in Italy, from its earliest stage to the period of its meridian splendour, in the age of Michael Angelo; and, in the whole of his remarks, Mr. Arundale evinces both the spirit of the enthusiast for his art, and the sedulous and active inquirer into every branch connected with his profession.

In the eyes of that profession, as well as of all admirers of the works of Palladio, the style and manner in which he has produced the specimens before us, must tend to create a very favourable idea of his talents, and of the laudable way in which he employed his time and attention, during several years' residence on the continent.

Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-colours.

Under the Patronage of His Majesty. Part II. Tilt; Colnaghi & Son; Arch.

THE contents of this number are, 'The Bachelor,' painted by LEWIS, and engraved by J. H. ROBINSON;—'Calais Pier,' painted by D. COX, engraved by W. J. COOKE;—and 'Llyn Idwal,' painted by ROBSON, engraved by W. R. SMITH. The first of these is of singular truth and beauty: the Bachelor has finished a luxurious breakfast, and, still seated at the table, prepares himself for an excursion with dog and gun: all that man can covet is there, save a lady to preside; his double-barrelled gun, his shooting gear, and his impatient dog, are to him as a wife; it is plain, that he could not have the enjoyment of all.—Calais Pier is crowded with impatient travellers, and the agitation of the sea seems to hold out a threat that storms await them on the passage.—Llyn Idwal, is a lake near Penryn Castle, in the vicinity of Bangor; tradition says, that a Prince was murdered on its waters, since which, they have been fatal to all fowls of the air. This seems not exactly true, for, in this very beautiful and solemn painting, Robson has introduced a heron watch-

ing for his prey. We consider the Water-colour Gallery to be one of the best of this kind of publication.

Kate is Crazy. Painted by R. Westall, R.A., and drawn on stone by Henry Wilkin.

WE wish Mr. Wilkin would copy a more natural painter than Westall; and the reason we wish this is, he copies with elegance and accuracy. The mad girl of this lithograph, is not the gentle creature drawn so exquisitely by Cowper, but one crazed on the Westall principle—still, as Westall is admired, we think the beauty of the lithograph, and the fame of the artist, may help the work to a deservedly extensive sale.

Lady George Booth. Engraved by J. Thomson, from a miniature by A. Robertson, Esq., for 'La Belle Assemblée.'

ROBERTSON stands at the head of our miniature painters, and the general air, and gentle and dignified look of this lady, will bear out our assertion. The hair, of which she has a profusion, is much too sharp and wiry for our taste; and, though we never saw the living original, we are quite sure, that eyes such as these before us, could never be coupled with such whalebone tresses as find their way about her waist and shoulders.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

'Elisa e Claudio' was repeated on Saturday, in a very mutilated state. 'L'Esule di Roma,' a *pasticcio*, by Donizetti, Costa, Pacini, preceded by a good but inappropriate Overture, by Monck Mason, was on Tuesday night consigned to the care of the Neapolitan ambassador, to be sent home in the first bag, as unprofitable material.

CONCERTS OF ANTIENT MUSIC.

IT was early in the reign, and under the especial patronage, of George the Third, that these Concerts were first established; and such was the zeal of his Majesty, that he scarcely ever failed to be present, accompanied by the Queen, the royal family, and the whole *cortège* of the court. Influenced by the noble example of royalty, the list of subscribers soon included the names of the more illustrious of our country; and the tone and feeling thus given has continued to the present hour.

Of the great musical establishments—the Opera, the Philharmonic, and the Antient Concerts—the latter has the singular advantage of receiving the sanction and support of the episcopal and wealthy clergy—many of whom are among the most ardent admirers of that Music, which, though wanting perhaps something of external rites and pompous ceremonies for the full effect of its powers, yet cannot fail, even in the concert-room, to awaken deep and religious feelings.

We are of opinion that these Concerts have had a more extensive and beneficial influence than may at first be imagined; and possibly to their establishment we may trace the many noble and philanthropic Festivals, which are now held regularly in different parts of the kingdom, for charitable purposes.

The once flourishing Vocal Concerts afforded the amateur the opportunity of hearing choral music of modern masters—the novelty of which soon found its admirers; but since those Concerts failed, the subscribers have taken refuge at the Antient Concerts, where, however, the everlasting monotony of the pieces selected soon occasioned strange murmurings of discontent and treasonable whisperings—louder demonstrations of disapprobation not being considered decorous. The late respected and talented conduc-

tor, Mr. Greatorex, could not have been ignorant of this state of public feeling; but he was one of those least willing to yield anything to the spirit of the age, or to presume to influence the opinions of the noble directors, and exert himself to obtain a partial repeal of those statutes which forbade the performance of any work not sanctioned by the venerable authority of our forgotten grandfathers. At length, however, at the suggestion of the subscribers, or, what might be more influential still, a falling off in the subscriptions, the directors have wisely relaxed, and the names of Mozart and Haydn are now permitted to adorn the Programme, and be associated with those of Handel, Leo, Purcell, Jomelli, Pergolesi, Gluck, Cimarosa, Palestrina, Sarti, Corelli, &c.

The sole management is vested in seven directors, viz., Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, Earls Derby, Fortescue, Cawdor, and Lord Burghersh. The Concerts take place every Wednesday, six weeks before and six after Easter. The subscription (eight guineas) entitles the subscriber to be present at the rehearsal, on the Monday preceding the Concert. The music to be performed is selected by one of the seven directors, who usually gives a dinner to his colleagues on the day of the concert, and to which the conductor has the honour of being invited. In the evening, the directors occupy a large space in front of the orchestra, devoted exclusively to their accommodation, and that of their friends. The aristocratic assumption of the whole management—the rigid observance of order and respect in the orchestra—the courteous, but formal dignity of the audience—have an imposing effect, which is also heightened by the spiritual and sublime grandeur of the music.

On account of Ash-Wednesday, the first Concert of the present season was given on Thursday last. In musical as well as political matters, his Highness the Duke of Cumberland thinks that the "ancient system works best"; therefore the Programme of the Concert, under his directorship, did not exhibit the "dawn of that new light" which is promised. Miss Stephens, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Mad. Puzzi; Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Sale, Terrail, and H. Phillips, were the principal vocalists, and the performance began with Callcott's Funeral Monody, in compliment to the memory of the deceased conductor. The choir is much stronger in tone, and the choruses were sung with point. The band always goes well, and is the best-disciplined orchestra in London. Of Mr. Knyvett, the conductor, more at a future time.

The musical profession has just lost a worthy and talented member, in Mr. Eley, a man little known, except to his musical brethren. He retired from the situation of second violoncello player at the Opera, about ten years ago—but retained, until his death, a similar rank at the Philharmonic and Antient Concerts. He published many useful exercises, studios, and trifling compositions, for various instruments—among the latter was the well-known 'Duke of York's March.' He was a tolerable performer on several instruments, a thorough musician, and an honourable man.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Select Organ Pieces from the Sacred Works of Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Hummel, Palestrina, Carrissimi, Clari, Steffani, Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolesi, and other German and Italian Composers. Arranged by V. Novello, No. 18. J. A. Novello.

WHAT a title-page! The precocious youths of the Royal Academy of Music ought to feel indebted to Mr. Novello, for reminding them that such musicians once lived. It is seldom, indeed, that such a work dignifies the columns of our musical review; and our ordinary, and often wearisome

labour, grows graceful and honourable even in our own sight. These sacred compositions lift up the worldly spirit to the contemplation of those

— sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee.

This number opens with a well-worked Fugue by Adams, on a subject from Mozart's 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail': this is followed by a 'Cum sancto spiritu,' from Mozart's 12th Mass—a majestic Fugue, treated with extraordinary skill, and an abundance of rich harmony and florid counterpoint. The effect of that splendid pedal harmony, page 42, we have often felt at an Oratorio: it is a noble specimen of the resources of science within the power of a Mozart! A biographical notice of Adams, our talented English organist, written by Mr. Novello, is added, and it is equally honourable to both parties. To all admirers of music as a science and an art, we recommend Mr. Novello's 'Selections,' wherein are exhibited the flowing melodies of genius and the skill of learned contrapuntists.

The Favourite Shavel Dance, from Auber's 'La Bayadère,' as a Rondo. By H. Herz.

La Gaité. A brilliant Rondo. By Moscheles. Chappell & Co.

As a pianoforte writer, adapter, arranger, or deranger, Herz is the most popular of the day, and no other ever pocketed lucre with such easy grace as Mein Herr. Sixty pounds have been given him for a set of quadrilles à quatre mains! In an inverse ratio, as the character of the music is high, so the pay is low; and Herz, being a reputed talented-parsimonious-Deutsche, prefers siller and light labour to empty fame and empty pockets. The above bagatelle is not so difficult as many by the same author; it requires a finger "leggero assai," is showy, and suited to the taste of young ladies wishing to exhibit a moderate talent on the pianoforte.—The rondo of Moscheles is an original composition of greater labour, the subject of which is not one of his happiest melodies for the expression of *la gaité*—it is, like many of the quaint productions of this learned theorist, wanting in that sprightliness which the title promises. In compositions of a higher order, the resources of this clever musician are more advantageously developed. 'La Gaité,' to a pupil somewhat advanced, will be found more serviceable as a lesson, than captivating as a composition.

Soft and bright the gems of night. H. Smart.
Ellen Tree. G. Linley.

Number One. A Ballad, written by Thomas Hood. The Music composed by Blewitt.
Ditto. Ditto. Sola. Chappell.

The first of these three ballads is extremely pretty, with a pleasing variety of harmony well put together: it is adapted for voices of ordinary compass, and will doubtlessly be a general favourite.

Mr. Linley's ballad is too personal to become popular: it would indeed be rather awkward for a swain to declare in the presence of his love, "Oh! my heart, my heart's with charming Ellen Tree!" If Mr. Linley has really expressed his own sentiments, we supplicate 'The Youthful Queen' to take pity on him "and accept his gems and gold." The music is *très ordinaire*.

We have, it appears, two Number One's. It was the popularity of the words that suggested the idea of setting them to music, and the good word of a critic would be thrown away upon them now. The music is of course a secondary consideration, and should be written for the general compass of all voices, and the simpler the better; for the latter reason we prefer Mr. Blewitt's arrangement.

THEATRICALS

No new battle has taken place between the rival houses, since our last report. Both have been reposing on the "mystic" laurels they have gathered. There has, however, been some smart puff-skirmishing—with paper-bullets in the bills. In the little affairs between those of Drury Lane and the English, we are sorry to report, the *English* to have suffered severely, although the bills have decidedly *had the worst of it*. Two shots have been fired from the Adelphi, and both, we believe with effect.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

On Monday last, a new domestic drama in three acts, called 'Forgery; or, the Reading of the Will,' was produced here. Press of other matter drives us into a corner, and we have no space to say more than that, following the example of 'The Brigand,' 'The Rent Day,' &c.; one of its attractions consists in clever realizations of well-known pictures—that it has a good story, and some powerful situations, well relieved by the broad comicalities of Mr. Reeve and Mr. Buckstone—that the acting on all hands was excellent, and that the piece wanted nothing but curtailing, which it has since had. At its conclusion, Mr. Buckstone was trotted out to receive the well-meant but senseless clamour of certain weak individuals who mistook themselves for his friends. We trust this fire will be smothered where it broke out. Sensitive persons of talent have already plenty to induce them not to write for the stage, if they can avoid it; and it would be rather too much, if, in addition to the existing annoyances and the mire of insult, through which their feelings too frequently have to be previously dragged, they should find that one of the rewards of success is being every night "left till called for" by the Galleries.

Last night, Mr. Yates, who seems to have discovered, that time is money, and to have wisely resolved not to lose either, and who, at all events, thinks Lent money better than money lent, commenced giving an entertainment, which he proposes repeating on the ensuing Wednesdays and Fridays. Part of the dialogue is old, and part not, and that which is not old, strange to say, is new. The introduction of "tableaux vivants," (encore des tableaux!) formed a pleasing variety to this sort of entertainment. The house was well attended, and Mr. Yates's exertions were rewarded by great applause.

After asserting the above with the usual gravity, perhaps our readers will hardly believe that we were not present, and know nothing about it. Nay, more, at the time this article is being read, Mr. Yates may, for all we know to the contrary, have been taken ill, and not have appeared at all. Well, what of that? If he acted, we will venture fourpence (the price of an *Athenæum*), that our remarks have been verified; and if not, we are only in the ridiculous situation in which we have more than once seen The ———, The ———, and The ———, all papers remarkable for veracity in their lines. Indeed, it was only on Thursday last, that a morning paper made mention of Madame Puzzi's appearance at the Antient Concert, which Concert did not take place until many hours after we had read the criticism; and last week one of the weekly minors condemned a new piece at the Queen's Theatre, which was not performed until three days after the condemnatory criticism was published.

MISCELLANEA

General Wolfe.—SIR,—Having seen in a late number of the *Athenæum* mention made of the late General Wolfe, the following circumstances may not be unwelcome. The General was well known to my mother when quartered at Winchester, he was a favourite and dancing partner of hers, a good dancer, and very fond of that amusement; he was well made, and most particularly upright in his carriage, so much so, that it was said of him, that, when dressed, he never saw his shoe buckles; his hair was red, curled so much in the neck, that he was obliged to drill it into a queue, or what is vulgarly called a pig-tail, by the means of a bit of whalebone. He was much beloved by his men, and affable to a degree with them; he was also on very companionable terms with his brother officers, and sung a good song, witness that one of his own composing, 'How stands the glass around?' and another called 'The Men of Kent,' of which county he was; and was very proud of calling himself "a man of Kent"—not a 'Kentish man.' Yours, &c.

A volume of poems, entitled '*Poesies*,' by Hyppolite Tampusci—a French "uneducated poet"—has just appeared at Paris, and is spoken of with commendation.

Soup extraordinary.—Over the mantle-piece at the Guildhall Coffee House in King Street, Cheapside, is to be seen, in a large gilt frame, a portrait of his present Majesty, surrounded by a very elaborate copper-plate inscription, expressive of the gratitude of the English nation to a patriotic and reforming sovereign; by the side of it hangs a placard, on which is written (by the tavern-keeper of course),—"A plate of this Engraving only Ten shillings."

It is really cheering to observe the French, amidst all their political and financial embarrassments, preserving and zealously fostering the national taste for the Fine and Useful Arts. Even at such a period as the present, when the public expenditure has risen from forty to sixty millions, and the Chamber of Deputies contest every stage in ministerial extravagance inch by inch, they pass such votes as the following, almost *nemine dissente*—

For the completion of the Paris Observatory	£ 7,000
Ordinary Public Works	12,000
Completing Public Edifices	24,000
New and Special Works	31,000
The New Chamber of Deputies (this year's labours)	24,000
Literary and Scientific Institutions	61,000
Establishments connected with the Fine Arts	15,200
The Encouragement of Public Skill and Industry	16,000

These items concern the French capital alone, and are independent of the votes for the provinces and government buildings.

Natural History of New Zealand.—The Ornithology of New Zealand is limited; but specimens even of those known are rare in our public collections. There is a large species of parrot, the *Psittacus meridionalis* of Gmelin, the southern brown parrot of Latham, specimens of which are in the British Museum; I have also seen (but rarely), at the Bay of Islands, a green species of parrot; also an *Alcedo* sp., named by the natives, from its note, the *Hoteratera*, the *Poë* bird or *Tui-tui*, the *Poë* honey-eater of Latham, *Meliphaga cinnamata*, Temm. A large brown-coloured pigeon, named *Kukupa* by the natives, and several other birds of beautiful plumage.—The fish consist principally of the Snapper (a kind of bream) several flat fish, and occasionally the John Dory; that beautiful fish the Flying Gurnard was also captured; it is the *Trigla Kumou* of Cuvier's recent work on fishes, the *Kumu-kumu* of the natives, and has large olive-green pectoral fins, with a narrow band at the edges, of a light blue colour, and an irregular black spot at the inner part (which is sometimes deficient), and a few bluish white spots are scattered over other parts of the fin;

the colour of the upper part of the fish is a bright red, underneath, a silvery white; it is found more commonly in coves, harbours, &c.; in taste it is very dry.—Among reptiles, I only observed a few small species of lizards and a guinea; a specimen of the latter, which was brought to me, measured in length eighteen and a half inches; it was named *Tun-tara* by the natives, from the resemblance of thorny processes on the ridge of the back; the word *tun-tara* signifying thorn or prong-back (*tun*, back; *tara*, a thorn, spine or prong); the animal was, above, of a reddish yellow, and underneath, of a greyish colour.—Among the minerals they have a beautiful green jasper stone, which is highly valued. From the pieces that I have seen cut into various forms, and used for the mari, axes, &c. they must be found of large size; how they are imbedded in the earth, or in what particular strata, I could not ascertain; some pieces are of a dark, and others of a light colour, the latter are most esteemed by the natives.—*Bennett's MS. Journal.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 1	44 33	30.19	S.	Cloudy.
Fr. 2	50 35	30.15	S. to S.E.	Ditto.
Sa. 3	46 35	30.15	S.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 4	52 35	29.69	S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Mon. 5	53 30	29.69	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 6	48 33	29.40	S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Wed. 7	49 39	29.40	S.W.	Showers.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulustratus. Cirrostratus. Nights and Mornings fair, till towards the end of week. Mean temperature of the week, 40°. Increase of day on Wednesday, 3h. 22m.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The *Girl's Own Book*, by Mrs. Child. Reprinted from the American Edition, with Notes and Additions by a Lady, and illustrative wood cuts. Filial Solicitude; a mezz-tint by S. Angell, from a painting by Lesot.

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